

# White Cloud



# Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME III.—NUMBER 45.

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1860.

{WHOLE NUMBER, 149.

## Choice Poetry.

### THE FINE VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

A New Song Set to an Old Tune.  
BY THE VIRGINIA SERENADERS.

It was a fine old song,  
Set to a true old tune,  
Of a fine Virginia gentleman,  
One of the F. F. V's.  
How he would fight for honor,  
In combat fierce and bold,  
With women, cow or wind-mill,  
Like the good knight of old—  
This fine Virginia gentleman,  
One of the F. F. V's.  
Saw Ritchie once he kicked his cat,  
Because in every match,  
On equal terms he never would  
Come fairly to the scratch.  
"The bloodiest mince you will write,"  
Says Ritchie to Sir Fyke,  
"But when it comes to fight,  
You never stand the fire."  
Like a true Virginia gentleman,  
One of the F. F. V's.  
And so in Washington he sought  
To stir the valor's echoes,  
And with his sword, by bloodless steel,  
Upon the Yankee members.  
On women, and on timid men,  
He poured his blood and thunder;  
And only once, by mere rebuke,  
Was driven to kneel under,  
To a real Virginia gentleman,  
One of the F. F. V's.  
At length, to please his taste, he thought  
Some Western game to dish up,  
And seized with sparkling zeal,  
The nephew of a Bishop.  
"For here," thought he, "will Church and State  
Keep double guard on my feet."  
So he is well-dressed, all too late,  
He found he'd caught a Tartan—  
A fine Wisconsin gentleman,  
And very hard to please.  
Now, Potter was a plucky, blunt man—  
No squarer bow, no grader—  
He knew the safest friend to choose,  
Was fighting Colonel Lander.  
"No paper bullets to me run;  
No Kett, no Ashmun's writing;  
No more explaining to be done—  
This time the word is fighting."  
My fine Virginia gentleman,  
One of the F. F. V's.  
Then Potter to the Colonel—  
By Western warfare wary,  
Of all enemies, ranking shots,  
In mortal strife, was chary—  
The broom's a weapon stout,  
That never missed its mark;  
And with a bow-kick, you're sure  
To come and lay your glove—  
If a fine Virginia gentleman,  
One of the F. F. V's.  
Alack! this stout knight-kilmer drew  
Three valiant in a row;  
To Alabama Hindman flew,  
And Chickasaw turned to flee,  
In vain, with only words, he pled,  
To spare the life of the foe;  
"It was a vulgar thing," he said,  
"Dismissing with a snarl."  
This fine Virginia gentleman,  
One of the F. F. V's.  
But Lander, stern, would never cease  
A single word in answer,  
None, "If with pistols we can't settle,  
You wish to fight, you can, sir."  
Three trunks are my special care;  
My knife, for close too nervous,  
My knife, for close too nervous,  
My knife, for close too nervous,  
All of the F. F. V's.  
Long explanation came, what  
No fighting, not a word of  
"Two a's in row, and only again  
Will Fyke come be head-on;  
And long, I want, before a scene  
So rich again can be;  
But at the next Virginia fight,  
May be the three to one—  
These fine Virginia gentlemen, still draw  
All of the F. F. V's.

## Select Tale.

### THE MUTE DOCTOR. —OR— THE MAN WITH MANY NAMES.

A TALE OF PASSION.

BY MRS. M. L. SWEETSER.

(CONTINUED.)

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### SUCCESSFUL VILLAIN.

Catherine and Emily passed a wretched night, after the sudden departure of Bernard. They sat till a late hour, hoping he would return and quiet their fears; but that, as we already know, was quite out of his power. Besides this suspense on Bernard's account, Catherine had another and deeper cause of anxiety which she did not choose to communicate to her daughter. From Bernard's description of Dr. Boyd, a strong suspicion, almost a certainty, had entered her mind, that the persecutor of her child and the destroyer of her own peace were united in the same individual, or in other words, that the young girl he was so determined upon ruining, was his own child.

It will not be surprising that though Catherine lived in the same house with him in Boston, during the perfection of his love affair with Mrs. Gastone, she never met him, when it is remembered that she had no employment except the care of the children, and never entered the parlor. She took her meals in the nursery with her little charge, and indeed seldom left it but to take them upon their daily walk, and that was at an hour in which the Doctor was engaged in his office.

She had long supposed her young lover to be either dead, or living in some remote part of the country, and

the thought of seeing him, had long been suppressed.

When, therefore, her suspicions had been awakened by Bernard's description, an intense desire at once took possession of her to behold him and thus decide the point. The following morning she determined to relieve herself from this state of suspense by accompanying Emily in her accustomed walk with the children.

They passed through many crowds of persons, at all of whom Catherine gazed with an eager, anxious eye, in which were strangely blended the extremes of hope and fear. At length, weary with wandering about, she leaned against a railing and became absorbed in her own thoughts.

At a short distance from her sat two gentlemen, conversing in a low voice. Suddenly their attention was attracted by some one near.

"Is she not beautiful—a prize worth getting?" asked the handsome man of his companion, at the same time indicating Emily by a motion of the head and eye.

"Yes," replied his companion, "she belongs to you, I think, at least the resemblance is perfect enough."

"Absurd!" exclaimed the first speaker, accidentally turning his face towards Catherine. For an instant their eyes met; she became deadly pale, uttered one piercing cry and fell to the ground. Emily flew to her mother's side to ascertain the cause of her sudden illness, and the two gentlemen walked leisurely at a distance, unconcerned of the effect which the sight of one of them had produced, for Boyd had not recognized Catherine, so great a change had fifteen years wrought in her personal appearance.

Emily called to the man who attended them, and having procured a carriage, they placed her mother and the children in it and proceeded home. A few hours restored the suffering woman to composure, and Mrs. Gastone insisted that she should remain quietly in bed the rest of the day. That she had more than one reason for this, will afterwards be seen. Catherine hesitated long whether she ought to relate her recent discovery to Mrs. G., but fearful of injuring her feelings, and supposing that all connexion had forever ceased between that lady and Dr. Boyd, she resolved not to do so; she could not indeed, overcome those delicate scruples, which had ever prevented the least allusion, on her part, to the absence of her mistress.

In the latter part of the afternoon of that day—it being the one following Bernard's abrupt departure—a stranger, exceedingly well-dressed and polite, inquired for Emily, said that he was a particular friend of Bernard's, and that the latter was lying dangerously ill, from severe wounds received the night previous.

Tears started to Emily's eyes and trickled down her cheeks as she gazed with anxiety for her mother; clasping her hands, she stood before the stranger in an attitude at once so imploring and so graceful that he almost regretted the errand on which he came.

"My brother! where is he?—how was he wounded?"

The stranger replied: "He is so ill that he has not yet been able to satisfy me how he received those wounds, nor is it of any particular consequence; he cannot possibly recover, and he begged his last moments with your sweet presence. Fearful that you would be reluctant to go with an entire stranger he exerted himself to the utmost to pen a few lines to re-assure you," and taking a slip of paper from his pocket, he presented it to Emily. She hastily perused it.

"I am dying—let me look upon thee once more, my dear Emily; rely upon the stranger, he is faithful and true. Do not deny me this last request."

From earliest childhood she had been accustomed to exercise the greatest restraint over herself, and the habit was now of much service to her. Scarcely twenty-four hours had passed since her first interview with Bernard, and he was now dying as she supposed; the hopes just sprung up in her young heart were crushed in the bud. She proceeded to her mother's apartment and placed the note before her, calmly saying:

"My brother is dying; shall I not go to him?"

Catherine's bitter experience of life caused her to hesitate, and yet, many circumstances attested the truth of the stranger's word. Raising hastily, she dressed and went below.

"Swear to me," said she to him, that in permitting my child to depart with you, she shall receive no injury."

"None which any effort of mine can prevent," he replied, taking a solemn oath.

With a tearful embrace and a silent prayer for her safety, she committed her child to him, and they departed.

A few turns brought them to a carriage stand, when he requested her to ride, saying:

"It is a long distance, and I fear we shall be too late. If he should die while we are absent,"—but he was interrupted by a cold shudder which he felt pass over Emily as she sat by his side, and they pursued their way in silence, unbroken except by an occasional question and reply.

expressed some surprise and fear, and clinging to the arm of her companion, begged to be taken directly to her sick friend.

"I fear you will be frightened at the passage by which you must enter his dwelling; if, however, you will confide in me, I will take you safely to him, but you must permit me to carry you," and without another word, he took her in his arms, and having groped his way through the subterranean passage, placed her at last upon a sofa in a well-lighted apartment, and departed to announce her arrival to Bernard, as he said.

The room in which Emily was left, was without windows, and the whole surface of its walls was lined with crimson. A lamp, suspended from the centre, threw a soft light over the various objects in the apartment. A Turkish carpet, ottomans and cushions covered the floor, a heavy English side-board filled with glasses, wine and fruit stood in one recess, and in the other a light Grecian couch, over one arm of which was flung a beautifully embroidered red silk mantle, and above it was placed a mirror.

Presently the door opened, and a tall, handsome man, with black hair and a profusion of whiskers, entered. An expression of extreme disgust and horror instantly appeared upon her countenance, and she exclaimed with much simplicity: "Oh! Mr. Laville," (the only name by which she knew the Doctor,) "I am sorry to meet you here, but will you please take me to Bernard? It is very long since I started to come to him, and I was so terrified at being carried through such strange places. Will you take me to him without delay?"

A low, forced laugh proceeded from his lips.

"You must forgive an innocent deception. Bernard is perfectly well, and I only used his name to ensure myself the pleasure of clasping you in my arms. Do not be offended, my sweet girl, but permit me to lay aside your bonnet and bring you some refreshments."

Emily drew forth a slip of paper—

"And this note."

"Was written by me," she moved not. Slowly she comprehended that she had been deceived, that he who was with her was wicked, and wished her to be so. Gradually raising her eyes from the floor, where they had been cast during a moment's thought, they rested upon him with an expression of imploring helplessness, she said:

"You are a gentleman, Mr. Laville, and occupy a station in life far above mine. I am but a child—a helpless one—and a servant. I implore you to take me to my mother, who is not well. A sudden illness came upon her this morning, and nothing but the illness of Bernard could have induced me to leave her when suffering. Do not longer distress me. I have suffered enough. Will you take me away?"

"Yes, yes, I understand all, my sweet girl, and now I wish you to be happy. Would you not like to live here with me, and I will have you taught so many accomplishments, that rich young ladies will envy you when you go into the world. Will you live here and occupy this beautiful room? I will purchase you splendid dresses, jewels and flowers, and occasionally you shall see one or two of my friends; will you stay with me, sweet one?" And he was going to place his lips upon her brow, but something, either in her expression, her attitude or the promptness with which she moved, restrained him. He drew back, surprised that he had not performed his intention of kissing her.

"Why do you choose to do all this for me?" she asked calmly.

"Because I love you and wish you to love me in return."

"You love me! will you not then make me happy? I would do anything for those I love. I shall be very wretched till I am once more beside my mother. Come, now, my dear sir; you do relent—we will go now, if you please."

"I do not please," he replied impatiently. "I have been at much trouble to get you; you are mine, and willing or not, you shall remain with me as long as I choose."

"You do not love me then," said the young girl, shaking her head mournfully.

"We do not wish to injure these we love."

She bowed her head upon her hands and wept bitterly. He was angry at these unlooked-for obstacles.

"Time and solitude will cure her," thought he, "and I will leave these to do their work." Then approaching Emily, he said in a tender tone, which he well knew how to assume, "I do love you, and I do not wish to injure you; therefore I will leave you here to-night; you can not quietly on that couch. In the mean time I have an important affair which requires my attention, and will detain me till late in the morning. I trust you will then find yourself happier in my presence."

"Oh! do not leave me," she cried, sinking to his feet, "I cannot stay alone here. Take me home, and I'll always love and bless you!" and in the agony of her entreaties, she clasped his knees, and bathed his hands with tears.

Dr. Boyd placed her upon the sofa, bade her be quiet and not allow any noise to alarm her, and said that he was engaged the remainder of the night. Kissing her little hands all wet with tears, he withdrew. She spoke no more, but sat quite motionless—the image of despair.

## CHAPTER XIV. THE MYSTERIOUS DWELLING AND THE ESCAPE.

At a period, when smuggling was far more fashionable and lucrative than at present, a large stone house was erected in a south-eastern part of the city by a company of those who made fortunes in this way. Its external appearance much resembled any other dwelling of those times. It was large, square and somewhat in the Dutch fashion, with a wooden stoop or piazza running round three sides of it. Large blinds of the original color of the wood, covered the windows, or what ought to have been such, for in truth there was but one window, the remaining places being filled with stone; the house was lighted at all hours by means of lamps. There was also a stout oak door, which to all outward appearance answered a substantial purpose, yet it covered no entrance. It was—like the window-blinds—a falsity.

All that was exposed to the eye was fair and diffused, not excepting in its solidity, from many buildings then in use; but underground there was a suite of rooms used for various convivial purposes as well as for the secretion of treasures. The only method of entering the building was by means of various subterranean channels, one of which had an outlet upon the sea-shore, another in the cabin already mentioned, and some others less used, in various parts of the city. Much wealth had been concealed there, and the most vigilant efforts of government were defied.

At length the original occupants of the building disappeared after the regular course of nature, and it fell into the hands of a band of gentlemen gamblers and pick-pockets, who much preferred darkness for their deeds.

The apartments were large, high, and furnished in handsome style with one exception. The furniture having been brought from nearly all parts of the globe, would have formed a curious assemblage for the inspection of an antiquarian.

The apartment in which Bernard was confined contained the only real window in the building, and was separated from the adjoining room by a partition with a door of the same material, so nicely fitting, that when closed, it was nearly impossible for a stranger to discover its most perfect concealment of money or persons. It was in the principal parlor that Emily had been placed and was left by Doctor Boyd.

Secure in the bodily and mental prostration of one prisoner, the timidity and childhood of the other, and in the total ignorance of each in regard to the other, he had not deemed it necessary to fasten their doors. Bernard's he had left much ajar.

Emily had been so accustomed to grapple with realities that she knew nothing of imaginary sorrows and difficulties. When, therefore, she found herself really alone, with no human being near to assist or comfort, she began to rely upon herself, and felt her courage strengthen as she regained calmness and serenity. For half an hour she sat quite still and thought of many ways by which she could attempt to escape. "I will do what I can," said she at the expiration of that period. Pushing open the door of the parlor, she perceived that she stood in a large room, furnished with rows of cushioned seats of an antique fashion, and a table covered with velvet spread in the centre. It might have been a council chamber for the honorable band of smugglers, or it might have been used for very different purposes. It did not reveal itself, but gave back, in answer to Emily's gaze, a cheerless and solitary look.

A lamp burned upon the table. By taking it in her hand, she discovered the door by which they had entered, and when opened, it revealed to her the long flight of stone steps up which she had been carried. She also perceived that at a short distance from the top, this flight diverged into another that terminated upon a platform. From this dissection proceeded sounds which she had for a long time distinctly heard.

Hoping to find a less fearful mode of escape, Emily carefully searched the room for another door. Accidentally perceiving the unevenness in the partition, which she supposed to be the outer wall of the building from its being of stone, she flew to it, regarding it as a far more natural access into the street.

Exerting all her strength, she succeeded, after many failures, in forcing the door open. Her astonishment may be conceived, when, instead of the open street which she had fancied, she saw, extended on a low couch, close to the door, a young man in full dress, somewhat bloated and apparently in a profound sleep. She instantly withdrew, when she thought occurred to her that it might be some one wounded and like herself a prisoner.

Taking the lamp, she again entered the closet and permitted its rays to fall upon the face of the sleeper.

A slight scream burst from her lips, but resolutely combating the effects of her fear, excitement, and sudden discovery, she placed the lamp upon the stand, which, with the bed, was the only furniture possible for the room to contain, and said in a low, earnest tone:

"Bernard, my brother, awake. It is Emily who calls you," shaking him gently and rubbing his forehead and hands to arouse him.

Suddenly the young man started, opened his eyes, and stared vacantly about, comprehending nothing, till the sweet

voice of his visitor again besought him to throw off his stupor and recognize her. For an instant he shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed intently at Emily, during which his recollection returned, and feebly clasping the young girl in his arms, he inquired how she came into that fearful and mysterious dwelling. In a few words she told him all. A flash of anger and revenge burned upon his cheek. "For my sake you have been exposed to all this and I sleeping profoundly. Curses on the drugs which filled the water and stupefied me. Ten thousand curses on him who planned this."

"Never mind now, Bernard," she said hastily and fearful of discovery, "You must eat something, and then we will escape if you can walk, if not I will remain."

She quietly returned to the parlor she had left and brought a decanter of wine from a sideboard. Bernard swallowed some of it, and with Emily's assistance arose and found that he could walk, but with difficulty; indeed, he was forced to lean upon the arm of the slender child, instead of supporting her. They took with them the wine, fearful that his strength would fail ere he had reached a place of safety. Placing the lamps upon the table, they closed the doors as before, and silently passed down the steps into total darkness. Though Bernard was wholly unconscious of the time of day, and to Emily it seemed hours since she had previously entered that dark passage, it was in reality but eight in the evening. All the circumstances of their departure had been rapid, from their fear of detection.

They had hurried along the passage without speaking, when suddenly they heard the sound of voices approaching much more rapidly than was in their power to proceed. They hastened, hoping in some way to escape. At this moment Emily felt an angle in the wall, and hastily pulled her companion into a path which diverged from the principal one. Feeling secure, they paused a moment to listen.

"Is he dead?" asked a voice which to Emily sounded like that one which had deceived her from her mother's protection, and which Bernard recognized as belonging to the man by whom he was beaten.

"No, no, quite," replied another, which both knew perfectly well. "I do not wish him to die, there would be a noise, he is so well liked; but he will sleep peacefully for a week to come, and meanwhile my affairs will be arranged."

"That is a pretty bird I brought to your cage," said the first speaker. "I cannot much blame him for cheating you."

"Yes, a dainty creature," replied the Doctor, "and so timid that I did not even fasten the door. But she does not in the least comprehend my passion for her, and one cannot injure her with those large, beseeching eyes fixed upon him."

The speakers were now past hearing. Dr. Boyd was going to meet an engagement of much importance, the particulars of which will soon be revealed.

Our released prisoners once more pursued their way. Emily, terrified and trembling at the dangers she had escaped, and that she must still encounter, and Bernard scarcely able to restrain his anger at what he termed the "presumption" of Boyd, in daring to appropriate Emily to himself. His agitation nearly overpowered him. The extreme dampness and chilliness of this channel, on which account it was seldom used, added to their discomfort, and soon visions of snakes and reptiles began to creep into Emily's mind as she felt the wet and slimy ground upon which they walked. With true womanly devotedness and tenderness, she concealed her own terrors, and supported, and cheered to the utmost of her strength, her wounded friend, whom a long stupor had deprived of nearly all energy. At length they heard the roar of water, and Bernard knew the outlet must be near. Presently their way became obstructed by a quantity of wild shrubs intermingling with stones and sand. Here was a new difficulty. Bernard sank down exhausted, and Emily again produced the wine. The excitement was once more kindled, and both began to dig away the opposing substances with their hands.

A small aperture was formed through which they forced themselves, though not easily. Emerging from beneath the cliff, they found themselves in the pure evening air, with a starry sky above them and the broad sparkling ocean at their feet.

With many stoppings to rest, and with much weariness, they found their way in to the city, and soon after to a carriage, in which they departed for the house of Mr. Gastone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Washington correspondent of the New York Times writes:

The nomination of Douglas would knock Seward seriously on the head, and probably settle the case against him at Chicago. In that event the chances would set strongly in favor of Bates or McLean.

The latter would probably prove the stronger man. He could scarcely fail of an election, even against Douglas. The cooler headed Republicans see this clearly, and greatly prefer to contemplate the picture, to the one of doubt and defeat which the nomination of a distinctive Republican, particularly Seward, would present.

The expense of taking the census this year throughout the Union will be about a million of dollars.

The Charleston Mercury sees only a cheap edition of Seward in Douglas.

## Miscellaneous.

(Written for the Kansas Chief.)

### NIGHT.

BY W. HOWARD FERRIGO.

'Tis now night's calm and placid hour—  
The diamond lights on high,  
Gleam steadily on their silver shores,  
Within the calm blue sky:  
Pale Luna's soft and gentle beams  
Fall sweet on all below;  
And rephes round the heated brow,  
In gentle murmurs flow.

How calm and peaceful is the hour,  
How holy and how blest;  
All the wild passions of the soul  
Are soothed to quiet rest:  
The turbulent din is now all hushed,  
In the hazy mists of life;  
And the city sleeps as tranquilly as if  
It never knew night of strife.

'Tis hushed in heart of calm repose,  
Of sweet and tranquil rest;  
As hush to soothe the strife-winded soul,  
And banish its wild quest;  
To raise our thoughts above earth's noise  
Of sorrow, gloom and care,  
To the land, eternal realms on high,  
Where all is bright and fair.

TRANSLATED BY W. H. FERRIGO, JR.,  
NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1860.

Ferrigo, don't!

THE CHICAGO NOMINEE.—Some one at Chicago writes to the New York Tribune, that Seward would carry Illinois by at least 5,000 majority against even Mr. Douglas. Such assertions betray gross and inexcusable ignorance of popular sentiment, and are calculated to do mischief. We have a most profound admiration for the eminent ability and patriotic statesmanship of Mr. Seward, and would cheerfully give him our vote could it make him President; but we have to deal with facts as they exist, and a most palpable one to every well informed man is, that Seward cannot carry Illinois under any conceivable circumstances. Douglas would beat him in the neighborhood of 50,000 votes, and even Jeff. Davis could carry the State against him. We honestly believe that Seward could not carry more than two-thirds of the Republican vote in this part of the State, leaving out of the question the thousands of middle-men who prefer us to the Democracy. Success is a duty with the Republicans, and any man who is unwilling to sacrifice personal preferences for the triumph of our common principles, is unworthy to share in the glorious destiny that awaits the Republican party.

—Carlinville (Ill.) Free Democrat.

BATES AND CLAY.—The ground then on which our neighbor founds his charge of Republicanism, is we presume, found in Mr. Bates' declaration of hostility to the extension of slavery into the territories, a doctrine of universal acceptance upon the part of the fathers of the Republic, and the wisest men who have succeeded them. Shall we therefore fear to acknowledge that we are a disciple of Henry Clay because of the cry of Republican? No, not slave holders as we are, we stand up in all the dignity of our manhood, and on the soil of our native State, having a reference to the best interests of our section, and the welfare and glory of our common country, and declare with the patriotic and virtuous Bates, that we are clearly of the opinion, that Congress has the right to legislate to prohibit slavery in the territories, and furthermore, we say with the immortal Clay, if we were in Congress, and the question should come up, we would rather loose our right arm, than vote for its introduction into the free territories of this great Republic. —Cumb. (Md.) Civilian.

THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL OF yesterday has a strong article in favor of the nomination of Judge McLean for the Presidency. The Journal says:

If a prejudice which will defeat one man may be avoided by another who will maintain the same policy, is it cowardice to save our cause by sacrificing the man? Against Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase there does exist this prejudice. Unreasonable, unjust, unfortunate, but very real. Neither of those men would carry this State, and the cause that would defeat them here would defeat them in Illinois and Pennsylvania, in our judgment. We are sorry it should be so, for of all men living, Mr. Seward is our choice for the Presidency. But it is foolish to go right on and with willfully closed eyes thrust our heads against big immovable facts. It may be that we had better suffer defeat with him or Mr. Chase than achieve a victory with McLean or Lincoln; but we can't see it.

JUDGE MCLEAN.—The Newburyport Herald has an able article recommending the selection of this venerable statesman for the Presidency by the Chicago Convention. Judge McLean would no doubt make an admirable President if he lived, but his advanced age is an objection, as the Herald admits. But this is a trifling objection when compared with those which might be brought against some other candidates, and if the doubtful States signify their preference for him, we hope he will be nominated. Indeed we wish the delegates from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois might meet and confer together, unite upon some candidate who will be acceptable to the opposition of those States, and present him to the Convention, and that the Convention would unanimously adopt him.

The expense of taking the census this year throughout the Union will be about a million of dollars.

THE PRESIDENT IN INDIANA.—THE CONSERVATIVE PRESS.—Judging from the tenor of a recent article in the Fort Wayne Times—a conservative Whig paper—we are certain that its editor will support Edward Bates, if nominated at Chicago, on the basis of his late letter. The New Albany Tribune, Seymour Times, and Rising Sun Visitor will also support him with the greatest enthusiasm, while, in our opinion, rather than to support Seward or Chase, they would remain neutral, unless a Constitutional Union candidate should be offered them on a truly national platform.

The Greenback Banner and Corydon Argus, we are very confident, would support Seward or Chase with the greatest reluctance, even on the most conservative platform, and not even in that case if they could avoid it by supporting a conservative man with any hope of success.

The Jeffersonian Republican and Yavoy Reville could we believe, be counted on for Bates or McLean, but not for Seward or Chase.

A number of papers in the extreme Northern part of the State—and even in the more ultra Republican portions—are Bates papers. There are so many of them that we shall not undertake to specify.

There is another class of papers which might support Bates or McLean that could not be induced to advocate the election of Seward or Chase. We mean the neutral and independent papers. There are several in this portion of the State.

The press is a pretty sure indicator of the drift of the public mind. We think we are safe in saying that Mr. Bates is the first choice of a large majority of those Opposition papers in this State, which have had the boldness to express their preference. We feel certain that not one Opposition paper in the State of Indiana would refuse to support him if nominated at Chicago; and the Opposition politician who would bolt his nomination might just as well "hang his harp on the willows." —Evansville (Ind.) Journal.

SEWARD IN INDIANA.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from Brookville, Indiana, says:

Numerous letters have appeared in your paper, within a few months past, from different portions of our State, with regard to the nomination of the approaching National Convention to be held at Chicago; but I have read none that, in my humble opinion, more truthfully speaks the sentiments of the Republican party of Indiana, than "A Voice from the Bloody Ninth," in your daily issue of April 9th. The Republicans of Indiana, (of this section at least,) look upon Seward as an entirely unsuitable candidate, and would receive his nomination with dismay, and preface a doubtful victory. His abilities are acknowledged, but his nomination is not expedient. On the other hand, place either Lincoln or Bates—"good men and true"—on the ticket, and you awaken an enthusiasm throughout the West that such a "representative man" as Seward can never excite.

Cameron as Vice President, would meet with the entire approbation of the Opposition; and if either Lincoln or Bates is the nominee—Lincoln is preferred for the Presidency, Indiana will doubtless go Republican by a handsome majority.

WASHINGTON TALK ABOUT THE AVAILABLE MAN FOR THE CHICAGO NOMINATION.—We make the following extracts from a letter received from an occasional correspondent at Washington; whom we know to be well informed and perfectly candid:

"Among those who are most prominently spoken of among the Republicans, as most available for the Chicago nomination, are Judge McLean and Senator Ben Wade. Pennsylvania and New Jersey look strongly to McLean. The Northwestern men are considering Wade. Now Wade is getting very formidable on account of the pluck in his last speech, and that which he generally exhibits. He is the most popular man in the Senate. Everybody likes him. Douglas says he will be the candidate. Says he has just found it out; and adds, 'He will be damned hard to beat.'"

John Hickman says Pennsylvania could not be carried for Chase. This is the general opinion of the genuine anti-Leocompton men. Jo Lane is just now regarded as the man at Charleston. But in a week it may be somebody else. The two wings of the Democracy are very bitter toward each other. Judge McLean is regarded as a very safe man. It is said he can surely carry Pennsylvania and New Jersey."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—There is some significance in the fact that the Republicans of Connecticut, in their late excited contest, procured the services of the more conservative men of the party, almost exclusively, on the stump. Those who did the most effective service from abroad were such men as Gov. Corwin, of this State, and F. P. Stanton, for years a Democratic Congressman from Memphis (Tenn.) District, and more recently Secretary and Acting Governor of Kansas—now a decided yet moderate Republican. He has not materially changed his views since; little more than a year ago, he was received with such demonstrations of approbation and applause by the Douglas Democracy of Ohio. A large portion of the "Anti-Leocompton" rank and file will be found (after Douglas has "gone up" at Charleston) in the Republican ranks in the Presidential conflict now close at hand.